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The Bell Ringer

OF MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

Tennessee's Oldest Prep School . . . Established 1806

Vol. II. No. 5

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

April 16, 1946

BELL RINGER SPONSORS CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

Entries Fall Into Divisions of Poetry Essays or Stories

We, of *The Bell Ringer*, are sponsoring a contest in creative writing which will, we hope, uncover some talent which can be put to good use here at M.B.A. If our newspaper is to keep improving it is up to the younger boys to develop their writing ability that *The Bell Ringer* will never be at a loss for fresh talent. We feel that there are many boys here in school who possess keen writing ability which has never been put to good use.

In the few years that M.B.A. has had a paper we have come a long way. Now it falls upon the new talent to correct the mistakes we have made and to put out a paper which will uphold the standard already set.

In the coming contest the entries fall into three divisions: poetry, essays, and short stories. A prize of two and a half dollars will be awarded to each author of the best essay and best short story, and three dollars to the author of the best poem.

All entries must be in by May 1. A committee of Mrs. Bitzer, Mr. White, and Mr. Cornelius will select the best piece of writing under each division.

If you have any writing talent, write a poem, essay, or short story and submit it to the paper.

I know of no better chance to secure a position on the paper or anything that would benefit one so much as good creative writing. For full details of the contest see Mr. Rule and perhaps you may win a prize as well as a place on the paper staff next year.

Why Teachers Have Gray Hair

By John Griscorn

I had done it! For once I had gotten to school on time, and to prove that the day had been started off wrong, as I entered the door whom should I bump into but the headmaster! He greeted me with a cheery "Well, I see you finally beat the bell."

"Yes sir, at long last," I admitted glumly.

"I suppose you got an alarm clock as I suggested?" he pursued the question vigilantly.

"I did, sir, but after a few mornings I got used to the sound, and it failed to wake me. Therefore I got a parrot, and now when I retire I hang the alarm clock over his cage. It wakes up the parrot—and what that bird says is enough to arouse anybody!"

"Humpt-f-f!" humpt-f-f! the headmaster stalked off.

Later in the day I took the stalk with me to the chapel. You never know when a bit of celery will add to the confusion. In chapel we were greeted with the news that we would have only half a day of school that morning. I cheered too soon, for the headmaster added that we would have the other half-day during the afternoon. The mathematical joker in that statement came to be as I plodded to Algebra class, and it intrigued me there for the first ten minutes, during which small interval the professor tossed me a problem of multiplying two large numbers I fumbled.

"How stupid you are," the teacher fumed, "I'll wager Charles can do it in less than no time!" Feeling abused, I replied, "That

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Students and Teachers Given X-Rays At MBA

The Davidson County Health Department brought their modern tuberculin mobile unit to M.B.A. to X-ray the boys as they had done in all the other high schools. Dr. Lentz's new unit has rendered a very helpful service to Nashville and has uncovered some T.B. cases among high school students, which hitherto had gone unnoticed and might have caused death soon. We students feel that a great step has been taken to protect the school children in Nashville and hope it will be continued.

Golf, Tennis, Baseball Among Spring Sports Begun At MBA

MBA Begins Baseball Season; Outlook Good

Montgomery Bell Academy is now ready to launch its second consecutive year of baseball after approximately fifteen years of absence from the diamond.

The last baseball team to represent M.B.A. played in the 1930 season and emerged as city champions. The 1945 team was the first since then and considering that the team was composed entirely of inexperienced players, the team did comparatively well.

This year with Coach Allen at the helm ably assisted by Mr. Hackman, this season's nine should be hard to beat.

The team will be helped considerably by returnees such as Bill Wade, who led the Maroons on the mound, and Hardy Lavender, who was behind the plate giving signals to Wade. Others returning from last year's nine are: Jimmy Peterson, Joe Washington, and Nick Lanus.

Such standouts as Buddy Hewitt, Nelson Andrews, Pete Robinson, Jack Whitaker, and Ernest Matthews will not return to the Maroon line up because they are now seeking higher education in other schools or one of the armed services.

The schedule of the "Big Red" nine consists of games with such well talented teams as East, Litton, Dupont, and several other teams which are very highly regarded in the City League.

Arnold Rose Renders Piano Selections

The students were entertained royally in assembly recently when Arnold Rose, a first year student, played the piano. The first selection was "Mozart's Sonata in C," followed by "Beethoven's Country Dance." Because of the hearty applause which followed Arnold's brilliant playing, he played as an encore, "Grieg's Wedding Day at Trold Haugen." The talented offerings were enjoyed immensely and we hope that other talented students will follow the example set by Arnold.

The team has been working out for several days now and the first game on schedule will feature a very hot battle with Ryan, on the 9th of April.

More Promising Golf Team For MBA In '46

The facilities of Bellemeade Country Club were procured for the use of the Montgomery Bell Academy golf team on the first and second of April to play thirty-six holes of medal play for position on the school team.

Six boys participated in the qualifications and the four lowest were placed on the team. Those boys who qualified for places on the team are: John Griscorn, who will play at number one position, Bobby Waller in the number two spot, Edward McManus, number three, and Bill Calton, number four.

These four boys will enter the City League as a darkhorse team and Mr. Sager has announced that the team will definitely enter the Mid-South tournament in Chattanooga, April eleventh and twelfth, followed by a team match with McCallie on the thirteenth.

Mr. Sager has also obtained a sufficient number of golf balls to furnish the team throughout the season for matches. This service has not been offered in the past and is a fine example of the development of sports at M.B.A.

Last year the team was none too successful but this year the

Dr. Litkenhouse Visits MBA Students; Talks

M.B.A. played host to Dr. E. E. Litkenhouse, the famous football prognosticator, and professor of chemical engineering at Vanderbilt University, in chapel recently. Dr. Litkenhouse, who confesses that he has always had a soft spot in his heart for M.B.A., lectured on chemical engineering as a profession and gave a clear picture of the salary involved in this field, giving us a chart showing the approximate yearly earnings according to the years spent in school as well as helpful suggestions as to how to prepare ourselves for the profession of chemical engineering.

We wish to thank Dr. Litkenhouse for a fine lecture, and he will be welcomed for more.

team will prove itself more experienced, so it will demand more respect as a scrappy aggregation in the interscholastic race.

Tennis Squad Hopes To Hold Cram Trophy

This year M.B.A. seems destined to take the Kendall Cram trophy for keeps as it already has two legs. The team will be almost as strong as last year's championship team, but will miss the services of "Fergy" Ferguson, who took the crown last year.

Two seniors will lead the team this year. They are Dan Denny and John Bell Keeble. Both players made exceptionally good showings in last year's tourney. Dan was runner-up to Fergy in the finals. John Bell lost to Fergy in the Semis. Royal McCullough will probably hold down the number three spot. He is an exceptionally fine player, but was ineligible last year. Harry Corson, whose game is liked by everyone except the person he is playing because of his deadly accuracy and aggressiveness, is much improved over last year and will more than likely hold down the number four position. The last spot is a wide open race with Bill Calton, member of last year's team, holding a slight advantage.

The boys had one match this fall with Sevanee there, and one with them here. They completely outclassed the opposition on both occasions, easily registering victories. Led by Mr. Rule, the team should well witness a very successful season.

Cletus Culp Gives Bell Ringer Reporter Accounts Of His War Adventures on the Burma-Indian Front

Cletus ("Smokey") Culp came to M.B.A. this year fresh from an overseas tour of the Burma-India fighting front. He was radio operator-gunner on a B-25, and he served overseas for thirty-two months. "Smokey" is taking a regular Senior course, and after he graduates this year he plans to go to college. Your reporter interviewed him and discovered a gold mine of adventure. Here are the results.

Cletus was nicknamed "Smokey" by the Texans, who composed the greatest part of his outfit. They knew nothing about Tennessee except that it was the home of the Grand Ole Opry and contained the Smokey Mountains. Hence, the nickname, "Smokey."

It was in the latter part of December, '43, Cletus said. "We were getting the worst end of the deal over on the Burma-India front, and the Brits were being forced to evacuate the base at Imphal, Burma. They were moving about a thousand wounded a day from the base, carting them in the little snub-nosed British lorries. The Tittum Road, which ran parallel to the Imphal air field, was the only outlet and there was a danger of the Japs cutting this path of retreat. Our plane was ordered to the Imphal base to bring back a very important general. We landed at the Imphal base in the morning, and an orderly informed us that the general would be there in twenty or thirty minutes. Well, we sat there. The lorries rolled along the road and the wounded cried and moaned. Back toward the jungle we could hear the mortars pounding and the machine guns crackling as the British made a last futile stand before pulling out the main rear guard. The orderly came back and asked us to wait a little while longer. This went on all day, and the night came, the fighting listening to the fighting in the jungle. We spent two more days there, never knowing when the Japs would break through, or when machine gun bullets would disable our plane or crew. Finally, we could wait no longer. We warmed up the ship. An orderly appeared and breathlessly informed us that the general had left five days before."

(Continued on Page 4.)

Spring Practice Held For the 1946 Football Players

For the past several weeks, Coach Allen has had some twenty-five boys working out in spring practice in preparation for the coming football season next fall. In view of the fact that spring practice is limited to two weeks, Coach Allen accomplished an exceptional amount of work.

Captain Ken Goodpasture missed a few days of practice because he had been confined to bed in influenza, but soon after returned to the field to sharpen each of his extensive functions as a wingback. The team as a whole worked very well as a unit with such outstanding linemen as George Cole and Bill Rhodes and in the backfield, Billy Joe Ehrhardt and Bill Wade were doing a good bit of the ball handling.

The varsity squad was not the only team going through spring practice this year because the "B" team under the guiding hand of our amiable science teacher, Mr. Hackman, was also undergoing a short stretch of conditioning.

Last year the Cooties had a very successful season and judging from the looks of the first spring practice for the "B" team, the Cooties are again going to be a hard team to beat.

Mr. Allen, Mr. Hackman, and Mr. Cutchin, who is helping with the varsity squad, have combined their respective coaching ideas into a single drive to better the caliber of M.B.A. football teams.

The varsity did not lose but one man from their last year's backfield; that one being Jimmy Atkinson. From the line, however, the Red team lost Joe Card, Joe Washburn, Vaden Lackey, Neil Cargile, Julian Scruggs, John Cooper, and Roy Miles. With its experienced backfield and excellent line the Maroon squad should have a successful season next year.

Mr. Rule Gives Talk on Newspaper Profession

A highly entertaining and informative talk was given to the students by Mr. Bob Rule, brother of our renowned principal, Mr. James Rule, and for eight years associated with the sports department of *The Nashville Tennessean*.

Mr. Rule is no stranger to the boys and is a well known figure around the campus. He is a very good friend of Coach and is always rooting for the Maroons.

Mr. Rule's talk was on the newspaper business as a profession. He pointed out many advantages and disadvantages of being a reporter and gave us a better idea of the newspaper business. Mr. Rule pointed out that one should not enter the newspaper industry with hopes of getting rich quick, and that the most really like journalism. We wish to thank Mr. Rule, and we hope for another talk soon.

Mr. Cornelius Gives Humorous Renditions

Mr. Cornelius, our revered language teacher, has brought a note of hilarity into the chapel programs recently by his humorous renditions of poetry and droll stories and anecdotes.

Mr. Cornelius' humorous way of tell the stories adds greatly to them. We are very grateful to Mr. Cornelius and await hopefully another of his talks.

STAFF

Herbert Fox	Editor-in-Chief
John Donnelly	Assistant Editor-in-Chief
David McQuiddy	News Editor
Ken Goodpasture	Assistant News Editor
Jesse Ford	Feature Editor
George Cole	Assistant Feature Editor
Edward McManus	Sports Editor
Bill Calton	Assistant Sports Editor
Huston Thomas	Assistant Business Manager
Lillard Templeton	Assistant Business Manager
Bransford Wallace	Circulation Manager
Frank Smith	Circulation Manager
Royal McCullough	Cartoonist
W. R. McCowan	Staff Photographer
James C. Rule	Faculty Adviser

REPORTERS

Tommy McEwen, John Warner, Bobby Brown, Ed Nelson, Bernard Werthan, Henry Hooker, Inman Fox, Bransford Wallace, Ted Dillon, Jamison Farrar

Editorial

WHY WE SHOULD MAKE GOOD MARKS

by John Donnelly

The importance of making good grades in school should be evident to everyone, and it probably is at one time or another, but most of us soon discard it for some less serious thought.

A person starting to school will spend a minimum of twelve years, provided he doesn't skip any grades, and probably four additional years if he attends a college. That makes sixteen years in all that the average person spends in getting an education. Many of us waste this period and many use it to good advantage. The following years usually tell who had the foresight and judgment to obtain a good education and who wasted their opportunity.

A great majority of us feel that many courses in school give them little or no training in any sort of occupation that we like, but we forget how these seemingly insignificant studies train our minds. The most important fact is they make us think, a practice which must not be neglected in the least. Telling a person that he doesn't know how to think may seem rather odd, but the truth of the matter is that in many instances that is correct. The books we use and the courses we study have been prepared by far smarter persons than ourselves in such a way that we may develop our minds and prepare ourselves to take on more knowledge. We must treat an education as we would build stepping stones. Every one must be well constructed so that we may go to the next one and we must build each without a fault or it would destroy the beauty of the walk just as the failure to understand something in our school work might keep us from learning the things that follow.

Probably most of us plan to go to college when we graduate from high school. Naturally in selecting a college we wish to pick the one that will give us the best training in the certain field we wish to take. Have you ever thought about what it takes to get into a good college or university? A passing grade you might say, but in many cases that is wrong. The best colleges take only the best students and many colleges require a stiff entrance examination. If you have been wise enough to prepare yourself for this, then you will probably make the grade, but if you have been foolish enough to squander your time, then you will be sadly lacking on the correct answers. As it has been pointed out to us, a college education virtually assures us of a higher income than without it; however, we gain nothing from college unless we learned the work preceding our college studies.

Another misinformed group seems to think that every time a teacher stresses something they are just trying to put something over on the pupils or make them labor longer on their lessons. We should be thankful though that the schools turn out some who really try for good marks. These are the ones who have the good businesses and security from want when they are forced to earn their own living.

Everyone has room for improvement and if they strive to better themselves scholastically, they will be amply rewarded later in life.

Wishing Well

In this, the fourth column of the series, there are several varied wishes. They are made by and for you, fellow students.

(1) The first wish is about the water system. The fountain in the science building is the worst offender of all. It can barely pump out a thin, weak stream. The best way to get water from the fountain is to use a straw as some have done. The sinks in the Lab also cry for attention. A several years' accumulation of dirt, grease, paper and rocks has triumphed over the drains at last. We can take up a collection to pay the plumber if necessary.

(2) The second wish is to have an annual play. Very many schools have them and have fun with them. A possible play would be the "Show Off" because we have many show-offs (myself included) in real life at M.B.A.

(3) The next suggestion is to

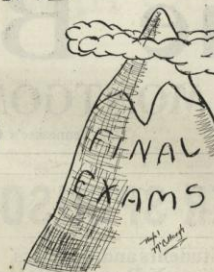
get change boxes for the lunch room. This would speed the service greatly because it would do away with the fishing in soup bowls for change. More counter-men will also speed things up.

(4) Why can't we have "coke"? The faculty members have them. I have gotten it from reliable sources that coke does not contain harmful drugs or alkaloids, and neither stunt the body nor affect the minds of students. There is little difference in the food values of soft drinks and milk since they both contain about the same amount of fat water.

(5) This last suggestion, made by John Donnelly, is a most excellent one. The suggestion is that a class in mental arithmetic be organized. Mental arithmetic has fallen into disuse, but it still has a great value. It is valuable in almost any kind of business.

I hope these wishes have received your consideration. "Keep on handing in your suggestions; they are appreciated."

A TOUGH CLIMB AHEAD-



Class News

GRADE DEPARTMENT NEWS

There is a sign on Jimmy Bradford's history book which reads: 100% bull inside.

They tell me her face is her fortune and it runs into an attractive figure.

A sign on Fred Feldman's Latin book reads: "A lot of corn right off of the bottom of the crib."

A microbe started to enter his justice after he died, and upon looking around a bit, he made the remark that heaven was as nice as spelling class. A passerby turned and remarked that this was not heaven.

The policy of asking: "What would happen if" by this column has been stopped because certain other columns have taken up the same practice.

When asked what the term "Copperheads" meant on a recent history test, Ken Hardcastle answered "snakes." For the benefit of those who agree with him, it means "Peace Democrats."

Chuck Pearson, when asked why he was absent last Monday, replied that he was sick with Mondayitis.

FRESHMAN NEWS

What cute E.T.C. number from West is now the proud wearer of a newly initiated S.A.D. freshman pin? What about only having the pin four days, J. P.?

The lesson of the month is: Never buy a car without parent's consent. Farrar, Sturtevant, and Thorpe will back this statement up. If this school had more boys like Farrar there would be no need for demerits, or would there?

You need never come around and listen in when Arnold Rose and Joe Adams are talking; you wouldn't understand.

Who are Smoe and Chad? I think if you were to investigate you would find them very close kin to Houston "Smoe" Horn and Thomas "Chad" Watts.

Too bad Van Arsdale's car had to run out of gas in the park the other night. Nice trick, isn't it, Van?

SOPHOMORE NEWS

Bobby McPail seems to like to pick on the poor little cops of Nashville. To the latest tabulation they have only 16 more cars left and Bobby says: "Just wait till I get hold of my new Ford and then I will lower the rate."

Ed Davies, in a recent broadcast to his radio public on Friday, March 8, 1946, said, "I wore a glove on my left hand all day. It was not until that night that I found that I had collected the following: three pencils, two algebra books, two note books, three wallets, four pairs of gym shoes, and a package of razor blades."

If you have a motor scooter and get all greasy working on it just as Jake Waller does, throw yourself in the washing machine with a big red box of "Dux" and you will come out spotless... headless... armless... and footless.

George Engle has gone into the insurance business. The top premium is for being lashed by a dinosaur's tail at 12:03 o'clock on Fifth and Church in downtown Nashville. His firm's motto is: "If in the middle of the day you pass away we will pay."

Bummy Werthan has been very interested in the Diet Smith case. The fact is that Bummy's cook used

to work for a friend of the barber that cuts the hair of the man that answers the phone for the distributor who sells Diet Smith "Carter's Little Liver Pills."

Honest Jimmy Talbot was last seen with a heavily fortified deadly looking red "Speedwagon." Jimmy shot his last pedestrian when he missed him last Wednesday. Jimmy said: "I wanted to shoot him with my '44' but I didn't have it with me so I shot him twice with my 22."

My latest flash! Some sophomore threw Billy Womack to the sharks in the moat. I guess none of the men were watching, but the next day we found on shore thirty dead sharks and a soaked boy named Womack.

JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

The junior class has a celebrity in the person of Ham Wallace. Ham does not stop at being a newspaper figure. He was recently on the "Dixie Nitecap" radio program. What's next, Ham—Hollywood?

It has been rumored that Kermit Stengel is growing his hair for use in his tennis racquets. Stengel, however, says it's due to the hair tonic shortage.

Who did Big Dave McQuiddy have a date with March 22? Ask Dave.

Jamison Farrar has been trying to get his love affairs straightened out. Several weeks ago he even asked Tippy.

Goodpasture has been trying to prove that he is a man. Lately he has been wearing his shirt open to show his manly chest.

John Grisco, Bobby Waller, and Bill Calton are buying an adding machine. They haven't yet polished their golf game up, it seems.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

After all the X-rays had been made it was found that Joe Martin has osmosisitis. Too bad, Joe. (Don't ask us what it is.)

The biggest laugh of the month came when "Cookie" Lackey went out for baseball. M.B.A. says predicted to have a pretty good season, but now—well, there's no hope.

Phil McLendon has been nominated for "Mr. America." He is a mixture of Frank Sinatra and Johnny Weismuller. He sings like Weismuller and swims like Sinatra.

Would someone please inform the staff how "Flash" McCown gets out of last period study hall? Come now, Flash, tell us how you do it!

It seems as though Joe Card's physics grade is steadily rising. Of course, it has nothing to do with the fact that Joe grades all the physics tests and generally assists Mr. Hackman with his classes. No, of course not!

It has been rumored that one of our prominent seniors bet on the horses and won a small fortune. Lucky lad!

I know we are all looking forward to another one of those dances.

Traffic cop: "Use your noodle, lady, use your noodle."

Lady: "Oh, goodness, will you please where it is? I pushed and pulled everything in this car and it still won't stop."

—The Lioness

The Bull Wringe.

Back again, men. No, I haven't been shot yet.

What's this? JAMISON FARRAR writing in to the "Jr. Advice for the Lovelorn" which appears in your local sheet. I don't see why he shouldn't go with a girl a year older than he is. If he doesn't, I will!

The old Alpha and Beta Rays were shoring flying here the other day. TEMPLETON shore was worried. They could not find his chest.

I hear tell that they found a cigar lodged in Fess Rule's and Mr. Saper's chests. Outcasts!

Did you hear our radio man the other night? He was good. Hear that he didn't even get mixed up. Far cry from class, eh, what?

Did they ever get a picture of FESS HACHMAN? Hear he couldn't get his chest close enough to the thing.

Saw the head man at the local dig the other Friday. Bet his legs hurt. He got up so many times that it was monotonous just watching him.

Did you buy a ticket? Hope ROBERT'S baby won the contest. Saw "CHINCHY" STENGEL giving to the Red Cross. Bet he had a hard time cutting that penny in two.

What's this I hear, the roar of engines, the sound of powerful exhaust, the rattle of pistons; what is it? A boat, an airplane, Superman? You guessed it, sucker. It's CARGILE'S car.

EDWARD McMANUS who did use a bucket full of big words the other day on a test. Ask him if he knows what they mean. P.S. He didn't. P.S. again. He got a 75.

It has been rumored that a certain M.B.A. lad's date to a recent dance wore chicken wire in her dress. Do you really need protection, you poor girl?

P.S. to N.W.: Now pay him his dime!

Well, as a closing sack of corn, I asked JACK GRAVES what two plus two was. "How should I know; I go to M.B.A."

Your friend, Ferdinand

The Chemical Analysis of the Human Body

By Chuck Pearson

SULPHUR . . . enough to rid a dog of fleas.

LIME . . . enough to whitewash a chicken coop.

FAT . . . enough for 6 bars of soap.

IRON . . . enough for a six-penny nail.

PHOSPHORUS . . . enough for 20 boxes of matches.

SUGAR . . . enough for 10 cups of coffee.

POTASSIUM . . . enough to explode a toy cannon.

TOTAL VALUE . . . 87 cents

THAT'S ALL YOU ARE WORTH!

POOR JOE

By Kermit Stengel

Joe was a fine upstanding lad, You'd never think he was a thug. But alas, poor Joe, he went bad, And now he's in the city jug.

One night early in September, Joe went out for a moonlight stroll.

But his thoughts were far from love, remember, He wanted someone with a roll.

His only intent was a stickup, But he shot his victim for his bills.

He said he just cured the guy's hiccups, But the police said he had killed.

When Joe he heard the wagon bells, He knew this was his final bout. So now poor Joe is in a cell, A-wishing he was out.

The following essay was written by a grade school student.

MY IDEAL FRIEND

By Jay Card

If I were to list the ideal characteristics of a friend, I would expect him to be modest and loyal. He should be a good sport and able to take as well as to give. He should be a good worker and a good athlete that would stick to something he goes after. He should never lie, cheat, or steal. He should not be selfish and should always be considerate.

"MAROON HIGHLIGHTS"

by Edward McManus

Now that basketball is officially over, we can look back over what I think to be a most successful season for all three of the teams here at M.B.A.

The varsity team went through the entire season with their heads high and their eyes at the ole hoop. They entered the Eighth District Tournament a definite underdog and fought their way to the semi-finals.

The "B" team under Mr. Hackman closed this season a bit early, but before closing gave quite a few hot notch showings of basketball skill and teamwork.

This year there was organized in Nashville a freshman-sophomore league which consisted of boys not above their second year in high school. The M.B.A. Jr. varsity squad, as it is called, went through the entire season undefeated and entered the tournament in the first seeded spot.

The boys showed heads up ball throughout the tournament and won the finals to attain the undisputed title of number one freshman-sophomore team.

Baseball practice will soon be under way as announced by Mr. Allen, and a large number of boys are expected to play this spring.

Pitcher Bill Wade, Catcher Hardy Lavender, and Fielder Jim Patterson are a few of the boys returning from last year's nine.

The golf team is again being coached by Mr. Sager and the announcement has been made that trout for positions will be held April first and second in a thirty-six hole medal affair on the hard and tricky Belle Meade Country Club course. Those boys who are given a good chance of making the team are: John Griscorn, Bobby Walker, Edward McManus and Bill Calton.

WHY TEACHERS

(Continued from Page 1.)

would be no surprise, sir. They say fools are multiplying very rapidly these days."

After the customary forty-five minutes the bell tolled. It told us that Chemistry class was next. Chemistry has always been especially hard for me on Monday, and on this particular day fate seemed against me. I caught the first question.

"What are the constituents of a quart?" asked the instructor.

By the raucous laughter, I figured "pints" must not have been the right answer. Nor was it long before another hard question came my way.

"How was iron discovered?" plagued the teacher.

Since I was very drowsy by this time, I heard only the word "iron." Therefore I promptly replied with

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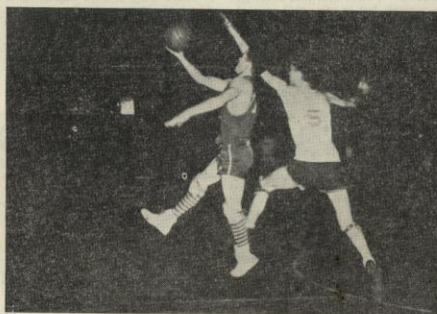
GOOD CLOTHES

Sixth at Union

Styles of Tomorrow, TODAY

SPORTS

THE BELL RINGER



the first logical association which came to mind.

"I think they smelt it, sir!"

The teacher woke me up sufficiently to hear the welcome sound of the call to the next period. It was study hall for me. I looked forward to a welcome nap, but the study hall group was still noisy after the second bell, and the teacher in charge was fit to be tied.

"Order! Order!" he demanded.

"Beer!" replied three wits in unison from the back of the room.

The only noise that could be heard after that was the sound of the three boys walking in lock-step to the office. Such fine boys, too. However, if they had yelled "milk" the punishment would have been the same. Seemingly it was a case of ethics rather than prohibition.

Latin class was next on my schedule. Many people had told me that Latin was a silly waste of time since it was a dead language. However, I was planning to be an undertaker so I thought it might be useful.

Spanish came and went uneventfully. It is an old Spanish custom. Lunch period brought the usual mad rush—for what? After eating I gave ear to the gripe and complaints of our more articulate inmates. Ah! Life is such a pull!

I heard one boy stoutly affirm, "If the principal doesn't take back what he said to me this morning, I'm going to leave school!"

"What did he say?" is asked with ghoulish interest.

"He told me to leave school."

After assuring him we would miss him from our loyal ranks, I journeyed on. Soon I overheard two sophomores talking.

"Did you make the debating team?" asked one.

"N-n-no. Th-th-they s-s-said I wa-wa-wasn't ta-ta-tall enough!" said two.

Sophomores!

The bell chimed and charmed us away from our sweet moments of reflection and food and into the sixth period, which dragged because of nothing out of the ordinary happening. The end of the day still seemed a long way off, even as I wandered into English with the horrible suspicion that we were to review on grammar this day.

"Take this sentence," said the teacher, "Let the cow be taken out of the lot. What mood?"

"The cow," replied some obscure

voice. Now he is obscure. At least we see him no more around the beautiful brick walls, nor is he among the reverent crowd gazing reverently at our prone and naked flag-pole.

Teachers never give up hope, and despite the bovine answer, she continued the lesson by asking me to name three collective nouns.

"Fly-paper, waste-basket and vacuum cleaner," I hastily replied.

School ended on that erudite remark, releasing me twenty minutes before the rest of the class.

I knew how jealous they must have been watching me plod my weary way homeward. As I trudged the well-worn paths, I could not help but think that another week was on its way, another day ended, and one thing was impressed upon my young and pliable mind:

Teachers' faults are many, Students have only two: Everything they say And everything they do.

On The Bookshelf

In reply to the question put forth by the multitudes, i.e., "What goes with all this fine money?" our librarian, Mrs. Campbell, has made a statement. When your faithful reporter, Buster the Bookworm, popped the question, Mrs. Campbell replied, "The money goes for new books. As a matter of fact I have just bought fifteen new books for the library with the money collected so far this year."

The fifteen new books are: (1) LOGGING CHANCE—fiction; (2) STANLEY AFRICA—biography; (3) VAST HORIZONS—history; (4) RED COATS AT CASTINE—historical fiction; (5) STORM CANVAS—fiction; (6) HURRICANE TREASURE—fiction; (7) BRAVE COMPANIONS—a book of dog stories; (8) THE BLACK STALLION RETURNS—fiction; (9) THE GREY ROOM—a mystery fiction; (10) HIGH COURAGE—fiction (a horse story); (11) ANTARCTIC ICE BREAKERS—exploration; (12) YOUR FORESTS—science; (13) WINNABAGO—fiction (an Indian story); (14) ABRAHAM LINCOLN—biography; (15) THE EARTH CHANGES—science.

Below two of the new books are briefly reviewed. They were all selected from the Literary Guild's catalogue of children's literature.

Logging Chance, by M. H. Lasher.—This is a gripping story of adventure in a logging camp in the Northwest. The author combines thrilling adventure, real life experiences, mystery, action, and an exciting climax to make this one of the most colorful books on the logging industry yet written.

The characters, from Bob Lodell, the hero, down to Penobscot Jones all have the flavor and picturesque quality of the logging country. Starting out with a boy's ambition to learn something about his father's one-time profession, the story moves swiftly through Bob's apprentice days to his thrilling weeks as a full-fledged logger.

Except for the dry humor of

Maroon Junior Varsity Squad Finishes Tourney Victorious

M.B.A. went into the Junior Varsity Tournament first-seeded after an exceptionally fine season, winning twelve and losing none.

The first team to meet the Maroons was Springfield, a highly touted team, but the Big Red experienced little trouble in trouncing the Yellow Jackets 39-19. M.B.A. was first to hit the basket with Jimmy Morrissey tallying on a beautiful crisp shot. This lead did not last long for B. F. Morris of Springfield made two foul shots to time the score 2-2. M.B.A. soon dropped in five more points to lead 7-3 at the end of the first quarter. After that the game was never headed. Led by Jimmy Morris, the gang scored eight more in the second stanza, holding Springfield to only three points. So at intermission the score was 15-6.

The Red team increased their lead ever farther in the third stanza. Captain Wade scored four points as the Maroons pulled to a 25-14 advantage. In the last quarter the Yellow Jackets could make only five points, while the Big Red kept up their torrid pace. By the time the final whistle had sounded, the score was 39-19.

Penobscot Jones and the companionship of Kathleen, Bob might have wished that he had never seen Seattle Totem Pole district nor Brown and Western's Cow Cove Camp—but he stayed with the job and solved an exciting mystery as well! Here is the drama and power of one of America's great industries reflected in the life of Bob Lodell, logger.

Stanley's Africa, by Raffaello Busoni.—"Find Livingstone"—this was the exciting assignment given to Henry Stanley, the famous newspaper correspondent. But Livingstone was lost in the wilds of Africa!

Then began one of the most dramatic searches the world has ever known. Hardships and danger dogged Stanley's footsteps.

The finding of Dr. Livingstone was only one of intrepid Stanley's African adventures. Back he went again and again, making important discoveries each time. As you share his hair-breadth escapes, you yourself will become intimately acquainted with mysterious, fascinating Africa.

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION: To the mothers of the auxiliary, who so thoughtfully gave to the M.B.A. library those books which we needed so badly, we, the students of Montgomery Bell and our librarians, Mrs. Campbell, give thanks.

Name	Team	Method	Score
McClintock	DuPont	Set Shot	0-2
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Crip Shot	2-2
Worrall	M.B.A.	Free Throw	3-2
Williams	DuPont	Follow-up	3-4
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Free Throw	4-4
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Crip Shot	6-4
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Free Throw	7-4
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Free Throw	8-4
Gupton	DuPont	Long Crip	8-6
Morris	M.B.A.	Crip Shot	10-6
Williams	DuPont	Follow-up	11-8
Murdoch	M.B.A.	Set Shot	13-8
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Backhand Crip	15-8
Williams	DuPont	Free Throw	15-9
Murdoch	M.B.A.	Follow-up	17-9
Gupton	DuPont	Follow-up	17-11
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Set Shot	19-11
Worrall	M.B.A.	Set Shot	21-11
Gupton	DuPont	Set Shot	21-13
Gupton	DuPont	Set Shot	21-15
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Free Throw	22-15
Murdoch	M.B.A.	Free Throw	23-15
Barnes	DuPont	Set Shot	23-17
Barnes	DuPont	Free Throw	23-18
Ehrhart	M.B.A.	Crip Shot	25-18
Barnes	DuPont	Free Throw	25-20
Williams	DuPont	Follow-up	25-21

Final Score: M.B.A. 25; DuPont 21.

Edward McManus
Editor
Bill Calton
Assistant Editor



Personality Of the Month

John, known to most of us as Red, is a likeable boy to say the very least. I have been associated with him for three years and during that time, he has become more and more popular and better known.

We call him "Red" not because he has red eyes after Saturday night, but because he has red hair all of the time, or at least since he learned about a "red rinse" and applied his knowledge.

That nickname "Red" fits his personality well. He is the type of person who really tries when he does something. Red always "puts over" and really does his best. This was true of football, basketball, and his studies.

John makes such good grades that he often joins the strollers. He always seems to know a little more about geometry than the next fellow, probably because his mother really knows her math.

Cooper was a member of the varsity football team as a sophomore. He was a regular on the undefeated "B team" last fall and lettered this year at guard on the varsity squad. He was also one of the outstanding "B" basketballers.

Although he was born here in Nashville, he spent his first three years of school in Kentucky. He went to Ross School and East Jr. High, from which he came to M.B.A.

There was a rumor going around that Red might take up military science boot camp style. He has hopes of joining the Marines after school is out.

Cooper is a well liked student and takes part and interest in all things around the academy. John's favorite comic character and ideal is LI' Abner.

His favorite food—fried oysters.

His favorite subject—math.

His favorite sport—fishing.

His favorite pastime—loading.

His favorite actor—Fred McMurray.

His favorite actress—Yvonne De Carlo.

John Cooper hear out of our outstanding classmates certainly deserves a place on our personality list.

JOKES

"Are you allergic?"

"No, I'm Harry."

"Were you inoculated?"

"No, I was drafted."

"Got your appendix?"

"I haven't been issued one yet."

"My God, man, don't you know the King's English?"

"The hell he is."

Remember when Dorothy Lamour wore a sarong in the movies? It was so quiet you could hear everybody waiting for a pin to drop.

Please Laugh

By Jesse Ford

DUNGEON INSPECTOR VISITS M.B.A.

J. Catacomb Tomb, city dungeon inspector, said, "The dungeons at M.B.A. are neither damp nor dark enough to meet national requirements. I actually found three cells into which light was allowed to leak. The torturing machines, however," he continued, "are in excellent condition." Inspector Tomb also commented favorably on the new draw-bridge and the mammoth breed of crocodiles that have replaced the small ten-foot variety for use in the moat.

ODE TO THE MOLE

(Dedicated to Ham Wallace)
Who delves the earth
For all he is worth
And lives by the grace of God?

Why bless my soul,
If it ain't the mole,
A-pushing up the sod!

Billy Vaughn tried to make a break Thursday at the second lunch period. R. L. and the bloodhounds soon recaptured him and the last I heard, Vaughn was being stretched on the rack.

Senator Roy Bearden is competing with the Hon. Robert Bainbridge for Speaker of the House.

M.B.A. students sat open mouthed and astonished as Mr. Sager revealed in a recent chapel speech the amazing fact that cows eat grass. I wonder what horses eat.

Frank Smith has gone whole hog into the mail box business. I saw him out Friday night collecting in gone. For further particulars see Frank or the F.B.I. (Frank runs Factory No. Nine.)

Quoth the Crow, "Never mo!"

I think that I shall never know
A bird that's blacker than a crow.
A bird that fits about all day
And caws his very heart away
A friend of Edgar Allen Poe,
Oh yes, his raven was a crow.

Quotation of the week:
Mrs. Bitzer: "I'm not an author-ity."

Nashville is so crowded that people no longer get their car bumpers hung, they get their windshield wipers locked.

A Southern GI was playing cards with some English soldiers. Picking up his cards he had four aces.

"One pound," said the Englishman next to him.

"Ah don't know how you all count yo'h money," said the GI, "but Ah'll raise you a ton."

Did you hear about the drunk who was feeling his way around a lamp post, muttering, "Sno use. I'm walled in."
(Act as though you hadn't read that last one!)

Once there was a drunk who dropped a nickel into a mail box, looked up at the church steeple and yelled: "Hooray; I've gained nine pounds."

"Hey, what does A. W. O. L. mean?"

"After Women Or Liquor."

Two guys were "sitting on the bench at sick call. One turned to the other and said, "I'm achin' from neuralgia."

"Howdy, polnah," replied the other, "Ah'm Slim Jackson from Texas."

CLETUS CULP

(Continued from Page 1.)

fore. We took off for our home base with the Japs occupying the runways right behind us.

"I've been pretty lucky," he continued. "I went over and never got a scratch, but in our outfit scratching was a pretty common thing. It was during the Burmese invasion that I got a taste of the humor in mistakes. We had flown to Broadway and Vine, which was the code name for an air base we had built right under the Japs' noses. At Broadway and Vine we changed pilots. Our new pilot checked in at our home base of operation. Operations didn't know that we had changed pilots, and they kept waiting for our pilot to report. The clerk could have looked out the window at our ship, but he looked only at his papers. Well, they sent out search planes which came back and said that we had smacked right into a mountain going over 'the hump'. When we got to the barracks the boys had already divided our possessions.

"You know we had some mighty good fighters on our side over there. The Indian big-shots had given their private armies to the British and believe me, those Gurka boys could fight. There were the British West Africans, big six and seven foot blacks with teeth that were filed to a point as was their tribal custom. All in all there were nine different fighting groups composing the British Army, from Scots to WOGs. (WOGs? Oh, they're the western oriental gentlemen.)

"These different groups would take guard duty at night alternately. When those Africans were put on they usually took twice as many men as was necessary because they went after the Japs instead of waiting for them. They'd be missing for sometimes

With Our Alumni

by Teddy Dillon

Yours truly is sure beginning to count the days now, for in about two or three weeks Dizz Dillon will be mingling with the group again. It has sure been a long trip back from Tokyo Bay, but it has just about ended now. Without daring to hope for a leave he was moved from Tokyo Bay to the Philippines, where he stayed until he had lost all hope of ever seeing the United States again. Finally they moved on to the Hawaiian Islands and from there to the West Coast at San Francisco. Dizz's ship left 'Frisco three days ago

three days and finally show up dragging a string of Jap heads behind them."
(To Be Continued.)

And I Quote

Funeral director (young and ambitious): "How old are you, sir?"
Aged mourner: "I'm ninety-eight."

Funeral director: "Hardly worth going home, is it?"
—The Purple and Gold

Curious fly,
Vinegar jug,
Slippery edge,
Picked bug.
—The Pilot

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat.
I thought my heart would burst
with joy
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand into my heart
Could greater solace bring,
Than the dear hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king!
—The Provviso Pageant

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